

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

PARADISE LOST.—We publish two different pictures in this issue recalling a subject which has for all English readers a literary as well as a scriptural interest. The engraving of Mathurin's plaster group on the front page represents the scene at the garden-gate of Eden immediately after the expulsion by the flaming sword of the Archangel. The yearning look in the deep-set eyes of the First Mother is full of melancholy power, while the stolid despair of Adam is finely reproduced. It is hoped that this splendid work will be perpetuated in marble. In the second picture, the blind Milton dictating his immortal poem to his daughters needs no explanation beyond what the original itself reveals to the careful observer. It may be mentioned, however, that this masterpiece received the highest prize, a grand medal of honor, in the Austrian section of Fine Arts at the Paris Exhibition.

THE GRAND TRUNK REGATTA.—The sketches of our special artist recall the most interesting incidents of this familiar event which took place on last Saturday week opposite Nun's Island, near this city. The swimming match and the running match brought out some keen competition, while the girls' race was very interesting from the numbers engaged in it and the excellent quality of their rowing.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S ENTRY INTO SHERBROOKE.—We referred fully to the Governor-General's tour through the Eastern Townships in our last number. We need not repeat the details here, in connection with our sketches of to-day, except to record that His Lordship was pleased to declare the illumination and torchlight procession of Sherbrooke to be the grandest demonstration of the kind which he had witnessed in Canada.

CANADIAN PUNCH OF THIRTY YEARS AGO.—All our readers will view with curiosity the facsimile reproduction of an incident which is still vividly remembered—the burning of Parliament House in Montreal, on the site of the present St. Anne's Market, thirty years ago. Of the gentlemen whose portraits are reproduced, only two survive, Messrs. Montgomerie and Perry. We have copied the picture exactly as it appeared at the time, without altering a line or a letter.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

It is proposed to erect in Piccadilly new buildings for the Institute of Painters in Water Colours.

COMMANDER CAMERON intends to set out for Asia Minor in order to explore the tract of country through which it is proposed to have a short railway route to our Indian Empire.

PEOPLE wanted a Thanksgiving day to commemorate the Treaty of Berlin; finding that they are not likely to get an outlet for their feelings in that direction, they are now proposing to erect a Thanksgiving Church.

THERE is no question that a dissolution was part of the Prime Minister's programme on his return from Berlin, but with such a majority in both houses there is really no reason why he should appeal to the constituencies. And he recognizes the fact.

FURTHER experiments with the electric light are being made in London—this time in front of the Gaiety Theatre. The illumination is wonderfully brilliant, and by its side gas "pales its ineffectual fires." But there is a ghastly blueness about the new light.

SOME good fortunes have already been made in Cyprus. Those who heard from the Ottoman side, of the prospective cession of the island, bought land at 17s. 6d., and are now selling it at £75. The British Administrator has now put an end to further transfers of land.

YET more of the ancient landmarks of London are about to disappear. Christ's Hospital, for instance, in spite of a resolution passed by its Governors two years ago to maintain it in Newgate street, is doomed; and its removal to the suburbs is now only a question of six or twelve months. It is well that it should follow the example of the Charter House, and migrate to "green fields and pastures new."

It is highly probable that another elevation to the peerage will be shortly announced. The gentleman in question is a well-known and highly respected member of the House of Commons, one of the most straightforward and impartial members of the Liberal party, and one of the few who are noted for their fearless independence of party ties where national interests are concerned. His name has been long and honourably connected with the press.

LORD BEACONSFIELD is becoming gay. One would have thought that after shaking a thousand hands at the Foreign Office yesterday, and making a tolerably long speech, he would have been so tired that he would want a little quiet. But, no! In the evening he found himself at the theatre, listening to the music and wit of Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Gilbert's comic opera, "H. M. S. Pinafore."

THE Civil Service will before long be again re-organized, and writers and "lower grade men" abolished in all offices where important information is to be obtained of a kind useful either to the press or to the public. The Service just at present is in a most unsettled and unsatisfactory state, and in one office alone the effect of recent improvements carried out at the suggestion of one of the most inefficient authorities under Government is a net loss to the Revenue during the present financial year of a quarter of a million.

THE millenary celebration of the signing of the treaty of peace between Alfred the Great and Guthrum, on the defeat of the Danes at the Battle of Edington, in the year 878, was celebrated on Wednesday at Wedmore, near Weston-super-Mare, Somerset, the occasion drawing together several thousand spectators, including many well-known archaeologists and antiquaries. At the service held in the parish church a sermon was preached by the Bishop of Bath and Wells, who gave an outline of the history of Alfred, and showed that the welfare and advancement of his people in Wessex had been his constant study. His lordship afterwards planted a memorial yew-tree in the churchyard.

THE Hungarian officer of Hussars, Feodor de Zubovitz, who first made his name known in the year 1874 by riding on the same horse from Vienna to Paris (about 1,000 English miles, within less than fourteen days), is now in London, and intends to cross the channel from Dover to Calais on horseback. As a preliminary exercise he will swim with his horse in the course of next week from Westminster Bridge to Greenwich or Woolwich, thus demonstrating that his swimming apparatus for horses will enable troops of horsemen to cross, with all their accoutrements, rivers where bridges do not exist or have been destroyed by the enemy.

MR. SPURGEON, in taking his usual service at the Tabernacle on Sunday evening, referred to his recent visit to Scotland. He told his congregation he had been fishing in the north, and gathered numerous lessons as to the best way of not only catching fish, but men. He did not like the nibblers, but the fish that bolted the hook. Some preachers got nibblers—those who came to catch at the style of the sermon and to find fault with it; but they were sometimes caught by the hook of the Gospel. Mr. Spurgeon also took occasion to speak of Scotland as a country where health was to be got in the largest measure, and he subsequently dwelt upon the grandeur of Scotch scenery and the warmth of his reception.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THERE is some talk of having choreographic representations in the Grand Festival Hall of the Trocadero. We have no doubt that the ballerines of the Opera will be able to make themselves agreeable to the Exhibition public.

THE new hotel of the French Geographical Society on the Boulevard St. Germain, near the Rue des St. Pères, in finished externally. The facade is ornamented with a large map of the world. The interior arrangements are being rapidly carried on, and the Society will be able to enter into possession of its new abode in November.

THE City of Paris has taken possession of the handsome villa situated at Passy, which was the property of Rossini, and where his widow lived until her recent death. According to the orders of the Prefect of the Seine, the administration agents have parcelled the property out in lots, which in a few months will be sold by auction.

A BIBLICAL curiosity in the English section, which attracts crowds, is the model of the Tabernacle as it rested during the wandering of the Israelites in the desert; the exterior and interior of the tabernacle is faithfully constructed according to the details given by the Old Testament.

EX-MARSHAL Bazaine has published at Madrid, under the signature of Emilio Castelar, a pamphlet called "La Verité sur le Fort Sainte Marguerite." This brochure, which has been forbidden in France, gives some details of the escape of the ex-Commander-in-chief of the Army of Metz.

THE loveliest spot on the coast of Normandy is the little town of Etretat. Here can be had sea-bathing and country-life combined; the most exquisite scenery, with charming walks and drives; together with good accommodation at reasonable prices. There are three or four hotels, but the best is the Hotel Hauville, facing the sea. Here one finds a generous table, with every attention. There are also always to be found plenty of small furnished houses for those who desire to have their own establishments. Horses and carriages are to be had at reasonable rates. This seaside resort is five hours from Paris by rail, and an additional hour and twenty minutes by coach, over one of the finest roads in France.

THE man whom Theresa, the Paris sensation,

is going to wed is a second-rate comic actor of the Theatre de l'Athenée, a very handsome fellow, some ten years younger than she is. The gay songstress is a native of Euro-et-Loire, the daughter of a village fiddler and a fortune-teller. As a child of six she was a travelling dancer, subsequently an apprentice to a milliner, a ballet-girl at the Porte-Saint-Martin, a cashier at the Café Frontin, then a comic singer at the old Café Moka, and finally at the El Dorado, where her triumphs began. She is about forty-five years of age, and is said to possess a fortune of a quarter of a million of francs. Her celebrity dates from 1860, and strange as it may appear, part of it is due to Mme. Viardot, who was a great admirer of Theresa's art of phrasing a song.

COMPOSERS of music are even more on the alert in France than in England. Recently there was published in the Paris *Figaro* a not very brilliant poem called "J'ai brisé mon accordéon," seemingly the best thing to do with that peculiar instrument. But the newspaper bard managed to turn out some plaintive stanzas on the subject. This was on a Sunday morning. In the impression of Monday, it was editorially stated in the *Figaro* that more than fifty melodies had been received at the office for these soul-stirring stanzas. They are to be submitted to the author, who will choose from them, and the name of the victor in this *concours passionnant* will be duly announced.

THE Persian pavilion is fully open. Persia has this peculiarity, that it is the Sovereign, not his subjects, that exhibits. The Shah can say with Louis XIV.—"Persia, her commerce, her industry, her art, *c'est moi*." Now, his Majesty is a vulgar trader. All his exhibits are marked in plain figures, and no reasonable offer is declined. A bit of carpet, with a beautiful pattern, 500 francs; a morsel of velvet, embroidered with pearls, 2,000 francs. But then the Shah is a commercial traveller, and has his expenses to meet. The Persians are liberal Mahometans, for contrary to the general practice of their co-religionists, they copy human figures, and the likeness of things created in heaven above and the earth beneath. The specimens of Astrakan fur are splendid. Astrakan is made everywhere, like Reims' biscuits, and Eau de Cologne; but the real material comes from the borders of the Caspian sea.

A BACHELOR UNCLE'S PROBLEM.

IMAGINARY CONVERSATION BETWEEN A BACHELOR UNCLE AND HIS BROTHER, A COUNTRY VICAR.

Bachelor Uncle.—My dear brother, I wish to talk to you on a subject that has lately been puzzling me not a little, and trust you will accept my remarks with your known good sense and *savoir vivre*.

Country Vicar.—You alarm me. Have the parochial busybodies been finding fault with our altar arrangements, or—

B. U.—You are wide of the mark. High, low, and broad, as far as I can learn, are pretty well satisfied with things as they are. The first long to see candles on the altar; the second would gladly hear more about free grace; while the third desiderate a more philosophical tone in your discourses; but they are wise enough to be aware that they cannot expect to see their respective ideals realised, and are thankful for small mercies. No; the subject that now engages my thoughts is the welfare of my dear niece and godchild Clara.

C. V.—You don't say so. To me she seems all a fond parent can wish. In perfect health, radiant with happiness, beautiful, accomplished, and instructed beyond most girls of her age, and, I trust, a sincere Christian. What, I pray you, is wanting to complete her welfare?

B. U.—I grant you all this, and I love her and am happy in her attributes as though she were my own daughter. But so much the more do I wish to see her making a figure in society equal to her deserts. She visits all the neighbouring parks, houses, and villas. Last summer she went to two garden-parties. At Christmas-time there were two dances—small, it is true, but elegant affairs for all that—and in the course of the year she dines out two or three times. Now on all these occasions I must say I should like to see her dressed becomingly, so as to be a little more on a par with the general run of the company she meets.

C. V.—*Becomingly dressed!* and on a par with the general run! Brother, you have the oddest phrases! I never yet saw her in a dress that did not become her well. Indeed I have often noticed that, though, of course, with my small income, she cannot pretend to vie in expensive attire and the latest fashions with my Lady G— or the daughters of Earl S—, she mostly contrives to exceed in elegance and lady-like appearance all her rivals of the drawing-room, the ball-room, or the garden-party.

B. U.—Yes, perhaps so, to the eye of pure taste. But it is not thus the world judges. I have overheard remarks which made my cheeks tingle. She has appeared many times in the same dress; her hat or bonnet has been some months out of date; in her ball costume, an almost complete absence of ornament has been found fault with. In short, say what you will, she does not dress up to the mark.

C. V.—If she dresses so as to satisfy the de-

mands of pure taste, why should I spend more than I can afford in bedazzling her up to the standard of a vain and pernicious luxury? Mind, I do not say that expensive dressing is wrong in those whose income it does not cripple for better aims; but I do maintain that a man in my position has no right to let his daughter give away a dress after one wearing, sport bonnets of none but the newest mode, or load her hair, ears, neck, wrists, and fingers with rich jewellery. It is the attempt to do these things that makes so many time-servers, palterers with conscience, and contemptible sycophants. It is the attempt to do these things that makes so many acquainted with the sleepless nights and dun-haunted days of the hopelessly indebted.

B. U.—Nay, nay! There you are on your high horse; the very thing I was afraid of! Dismount, I beg, and walk with me on level ground. The extravagance of fashion is, I know, out of the question in the case of our dear Clara. But because we cannot do everything, are we to abandon the hope of doing anything? Your income is small; the claims of your family, your life-insurance, your parochial charities, weigh upon it heavily. I am not only richer, but have no incumbrances—none to provide for but myself. Permit me to bear the expense of Clara's wardrobe.

C. V.—Have you calculated how much you would be out of pocket yearly?

B. U.—The very problem I want to solve. You see I have no experience. I thought of consulting some of my lady-friends, of course not mentioning names; but one lays oneself so open to ridicule; there would be a thousand absurd surmises. Face to face, I think my courage would fail me. I have some idea of writing to PUBLIC OPINION, asking the counsel of some of its lady-readers, and stating the necessary circumstances. But, first, I want your consent to my proposition in general. Details would be an after-question.

C. V.—I presume you are serious.

B. U.—Never was more so.

C. V.—Then do not lay yourself open to absurd surmises by consulting anyone hereabouts; save the postage of your letter to PUBLIC OPINION, whose lady-readers would, I am afraid, only make merry over your problem. Never will I permit my child to wear the clothes of charity. If, dressed as I am able to dress her, she be welcomed—as I have reason to believe has hitherto been the case—amid the polite society of the neighbourhood, well and good. Should, however, her attire be judged too mean for fashionable balls and garden parties, again I say—well and good. Clara has too much good sense to pine because she is rejected on so paltry a ground. And if I will not ruin myself to buy her entrance into resorts which, in that case, would be unworthy of her, still less will I accept the necessary alms from yourself or from any other who may propose the humiliating compact. I believe you meant well, and so far I thank you; but if we are to remain sincere friends, never repeat the offer, and I will try to forget that it was ever made. Clara Glauit in the borrowed plumes of charity! my beautiful, my darling Clara! Well, well! let us shake hands, my dear brother. (*They shake hands gravely, the Bachelor Uncle looking rather sheepish.*) You are but an old bachelor after all, and know not the feelings of a father. The greater your loss, but the more ready should be my forgiveness. Stop, though! I'll tell you what you may do. We sadly want a new organ. Head the subscription list with a handsome amount, and you will be doing more good in the parish than if I had allowed you to add one more to the number of those who, in caricaturing the fashions, so lamentably transgress the canons of good taste and oppose the dictates of common sense.

B. U.—Well, the organ is not my godchild; nor do I know the Old Hundredth from St. Anne's; but send me the list, and you shall not grumble at the first item. Good-bye! No ceremony, I beg!

C. V.—Well, I am rather busy, if you'll excuse me. Good-bye! Mind the stairs!

B. U. (*to himself, as he shuts the street door*)—Egregious Don Quixote! Noble fellow, nevertheless!

C. V. (*to himself, as he sits down to the peroration of his next Sunday's discourse*)—A worthy creature, after all! Rather soft in the upper story, though.

THE OLD HOUSE AT HOME.

This old song, now almost forgotten, was in the opera of "Francis I.," and was set to music by Edward James Loder. The authorship of the words is unknown. It was sung with very good effect by the late Henry Phillips, and was published by Messrs. D'Almaine & Co.:

Oh! the old house at home, where my forefathers dwelt,
Where a child at the feet of my mother I knelt,
Where she taught me the prayer, and she read me the page,
Which, if infancy lip, is the solace of age;
Oh, oft 'midst life's changes, wherever I roam,
My thoughts will fly back to the old house at home.

It was not for its splendour that dwelling was dear,
It was not that the gay or the noble were there;
Round its porch the wild rose and the woodbine entwined,
And the sweet scented jessamine waved in the wind;
But dearer to me than proud turret or dome
Was the hall of my fathers, the old house at home.

But now the old house is no dwelling for me,
The home of the stranger henceforth it must be,
And no more shall I view it or (save as a guest)
Roam the ever green fields that my fathers possessed;
But oft in my stumbers sweet visions will come
Of the days that are past and the old house at home.